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## Notes of the Week

## The West Front

IN Belgium and in Alsace the Allies continue by their movements forward to give the lie to the reports emanating from the German Headquarters. France has scored a notable victory, disputed yard by yard and house by house, at Steinbach in the South, and the Belgians and British are day by day pushing back the enemy from Nieuport and St. Georges. The Germans have attempted in vain to recapture the latter place. Here and there they have managed to blow up a French trench, but in no single instance do they seem to have succeeded in consolidating any local advantage. The tide of battle ebbs and flows, as Lord Kitchener said on Wednesday, but on the whole the Allies have the best of it.

## The Russian Victory

Whilst all goes well in the West the Russians have been doing even more effective work against the Germans in Poland, the Austrians in the Carpathians, and the Turks in Asia Minor. The capture or annihilation of a whole Turkish army corps is an event of the utmost importance, especially from the point of view of the defenders of Egypt; and General Joffre is able to congratulate the Grand Duke on a great victory. In Europe the position for the German Allies has become so serious that Hungary may be expected to throw off the Austrian yoke at any moment, and Rumania is undoubtedly waiting only for the favourable moment to come in. As the Russians are practically on their borders that moment would seem to be very near at hand. Some criticisms in Russia as to British naval inactivity in the North Sea have brought a fine speech from Sir George Buchanan. Commenting on this, in the *Novoe Vremya*, M. Menchikoff says: "Thanks to the alliance, Russia is fighting Germany as though she possessed the greatest navy in the world, while England is fighting Germany as though she possessed the greatest army in the world."

## A Rescue and Two Disasters

With the announcement that Commander Hewlett had been rescued by a Dutch trawler, and that the Cuxhaven visit had cost us not a single life, the New Year seemed to open auspiciously. Unhappily it was not

many hours old when news came that the *Formidable* had been sunk in the English Channel, and that the toll of gallant lives was heavy. As the result of devoted efforts by fishing craft some 200 of the *Formidable's* complement have been saved. It is a little difficult to know which to admire more—the glorious heroism of the commander and crew of the ill-fated ship or the splendid skill with which the rescues were effected in a howling tempest. It was at first believed that the *Formidable* had struck a floating mine, but it appears pretty certain that she was torpedoed. The ship is not a serious loss; the officers and men are. New Year's Day brought another disaster—the horrible railway smash at Ilford. The timing of fast trains to cross the same metals within a minute or so of each other opens a question which we think ought to be taken up seriously by the authorities.

## Christmas Day At the Front

Never in history surely has there been anything quite like the truce and the actual hobnobbing between British and German soldiers on Christmas Day: if, on the one hand, the thing strikes some as rather a farce, on the other it may be taken as the most remarkable of tributes to the spirit of the season. That it has been in no way exaggerated we learn from a letter from the front which we are permitted to publish, written by a member of the O.T.C. who is serving as a private. The letter is dated Boxing Day.

We have had the strangest Christmas I have ever known: we were in the trenches and had orders not to fire on Xmas Day unless absolutely necessary. The consequence was that English and Germans walked about outside the trenches, exchanged souvenirs, etc. Our men have all sorts of things the Germans gave them. I have a huge pewter mug from some ruins of a Belgian estaminet. During Xmas Eve night and Xmas morning I was on guard, and the Germans played carols on wind instruments while our men cheered lustily. Then they played our National Anthem, and when they played their own our men encored it and they played it again. It was wonderful what a friendly feeling there was between the two sides. On Xmas Day the English helped a German officer and his men to bury some poor chaps who had been lying there for weeks, and were thanked by the officer, who made a little speech, addressing them as "Brave English comrades!" To-day we are keeping to our trenches, and have exchanged a few shells, but very little firing so far is going on.

## America and Contraband

America's object in the protest published last week has been actively canvassed. Some very strong opinions have been uttered on this side, and Sir Edward Grey will not have found it altogether easy to draft a reply that shall embody British feeling without giving President Wilson and his Government ground for umbrage. Some newspaper correspondents have sought to make things appear critical by announcing that the American naval reserve was being called out, but the idea that the United States could for a moment wish to involve herself in this world war is unthinkable. The traders of America as a whole are making too



much profit out of other people's quarrels to seek to protect contraband-runners. As a matter of fact the United States authorities are simplifying matters by granting certificates which will save honest American shippers and British cruisers alike much trouble. President Wilson's protest strikes us as on all fours with Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion that America ought long ago to have joined the Allies: both are playing a political game.

#### The Germans in Belgium

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, is a man of daring. He does not pay sufficient heed to the susceptibilities of the Mailed Fist which holds an innocent people in an iron grip. He issued a pastoral letter apparently enjoining fealty to King Albert and was promptly made a prisoner in his palace—presumably for *lèse majesté*, or something of the sort. Germany intends Belgium and the world to understand that what she has she will hold, and no mere Cardinal Archbishop must suggest aught else. That Cardinal Mercier's heart is torn by the plight of Belgium is proved by a letter received in London acknowledging the "bountiful generosity" of the material help given to the prostrate and helpless country, but he asks for more. "The whole population, so dense here, is now entirely dependent on outside aid for its very daily bread." He foresees that things will get worse, however valiant the efforts of the Belgian people to keep themselves going. He does not say, but the report is pretty persistent, that the Germans are not above helping themselves from the stores sent to the relief of the people they have ruined. German exactions, apart altogether from the atrocities, have certainly aggravated the misery in any case inevitable after occupation.

#### The Honours List

The New Year Honours List reflects to some extent the prevailing sentiment of the nation; it might in a way be called an extra-party list. The Garter conferred on the Earl of Derby and the Earldom conferred on Viscount St. Aldwyn are instances that merit outside the Radical ranks is for the occasion recognised by the Government. The Earl of Aberdeen, on his retirement from the Irish Viceroyalty, becomes a Marquis. Among the new Privy Councillors are Mr. Arthur Henderson, the popular leader of the Labour Party, and Mr. Percy Illingworth, the Liberal Whip, who lived just long enough to see his name included. Mr. Illingworth was unfortunate: he succeeded to the Whip's office only to find himself confronted by the delicate question of party funds used in a way which ultimately revealed the Marconi scandals. By far the most distinguished of the new knights is Sir Henry J. Newbolt, whose sea songs are an asset of an Imperial race. The Astronomer Royal becomes Sir Frank Watson Dyson. Literature and science will, we hope, not be ungrateful that their claims have at least received as much attention as the work of certain estimable gentlemen whose names are not known outside the localities they have helped to administer.

## Kultur versus Culture

### BISHOP WELLDON'S IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

THE world which does not take its opinions ready made, but is anxious to examine issues for itself, will find much food for serious reflection in the speeches delivered this week in connection with the Educational Associations Conference. There was Mr. T. R. Ablett's admirable address, showing how art and training may advance the cause of humanity by distilling the beauty inherent in nature; there was Canon Masterman's extremely suggestive paper on an individualism which renders impossible the subordination of all personal to State ends—a subordination to which the mad militarism of Germany alone is due; above all, there was Bishop Welldon's powerful address on the necessity for reconsidering educational values. German methods of education, which we in Great Britain have come in recent years to regard as so entirely superior to English, have been responsible for the most appalling war of all time. Armageddon has issued out of the Academies of the Fatherland. Dr. Welldon traced the catastrophe to the supersession of Culture by Kultur. This war is showing what education means to a people as no war, no event in history, has ever shown before. Its seed plot, said the Bishop, was not the palace or the senate or the council chamber or the mess-room: it was the university and the schoolroom. German military authorities have always set store on the influence of the teaching profession: Moltke gave the schoolmasters credit for Sedan, just as we give the playing fields of Eton the credit for Waterloo, but the difference is vital. In Germany the army has been regarded as the plinth on which the brazen image of the State must be erected: the nation has been taught to believe, until it has no other belief, that the State is everything. The State was the beginning and the end of the sanction of national life: "the citizen could do no wrong if he served the State; the State could do no wrong if it served its own interest. This was the teaching of German philosophers in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and it led directly to that doctrine which had appalled the mind and heart of other countries than Germany, namely, the glorification of war." Kultur in Germany has come to mean efficiency in and devotion to State service; for years past it has not meant learning, scholarship, art, or literature except in a secondary degree. Germany's Kultur will have been her undoing; it has involved the civilised world in tragedy; and the war to-day is not only between the armies of Great Powers, but between two ideals of national education, between Kultur which taught Germans to think of Germany alone, and Culture which makes a republic of the world's intellect.

Whilst all this is true we in England must beware of the opposite extreme: that, we take it, is one moral to be extracted from Bishop Welldon's invaluable reflections. In Germany Kultur has gone far to kill literature and the arts in the interests of mechanics and of the State; in Great Britain there is some danger that

in our regard for culture we may prejudice the very interests we seek to serve. Have we brought our educational ideals in England into conformity with the needs of an age responsible for the flying machine, the motor car, and the submarine? Is it not a trifle absurd that a boy who instinctively knows everything appertaining to an aeroplane, but is as lost in all that belongs to letters as a hen in a duck pond, should have to go through a literary examination if he does not wish to work his way up from the actual bench, however ready he may be to work at it? What has language, ancient or modern, to do with a biplane or an airship? Some question of this sort Dr. Welldon no doubt had in mind when he said that there was reason to fear the education of to-day was not wholly free from "the taint of civic uselessness." Canon Masterman complained that he had to carry a Xenophon about with him because he has to coach a lad for his Smalls in order that he may get a commission to serve his country. No one will charge either Dr. Welldon or Canon Masterman with indifference to Greek or Latin. Dr. Welldon certainly would put no artificial difficulties in the way of the acquisition of a knowledge of either; we all know what the world owes to both, but as he said, "amid the multiplicity of subjects now properly admissible to the curriculum in public schools, to demand a knowledge of two dead languages from all boys who are going to the university, is to cramp and fetter the intellectual development, which ought to be left as free as possible." With boys who have a natural aptitude for languages, dead or living, it is another matter. They will learn Greek and Latin without detriment to more practical studies, and open the way to the stores which provide pure culture. Others may still not be debarred from tapping those stores pretty freely through the media of translations. In these days of Volapuk and Esperanto it is a trifle absurd to throw stones at translations, and as the Doctor said in a fine sentence: "It is not for Englishmen and women who know the Bible through a translation alone to decry the value of translations." In Germany, Kultur has wrought a cast-iron unity and a soulless efficiency; in England the practical is sometimes jeopardised for the sake of the finer and the classical attributes. What we want is the happy mean between two ideals: we want education that shall serve the ends at once of sane patriotism and sane individualism. Germany has indicated the way not to go; are we quite sure we are on the right road? Dr. Welldon, we think, made out an unanswerable case for educational revaluation.

## The Musical Future of Russia—II

BY D. C. PARKER.

IN connection with the Russian school it is always necessary to remember that we are dealing with something for which there is no precedent. The modern music of the West has come to us through centuries of long labour and experience. It developed while nations were changing, while economic life was unstable, while wars and the increase of industrialism were shaping the character of the inhabitants. In Russia we behold a phenomenon. Russian composers stand in the forefront of the modern movement and have contributed to it with success. In criticising Strauss, Debussy, Elgar, or Schönberg, the critic instinctively attempts to explain them by reference to the past. He traces the rise and growth of tendencies which have become prominent in these composers. This is right, for tradition is strong within us. We reverence the past. We say: "*beau comme le Cid*," or its modern equivalent. But in Russia we have a group which seems to have understood and adopted the modern idioms with startling speed. Remembering this, the music of the contemporary Russians might be considered dangerous, for in art, as in life, one must prove things before one can legitimately reject them, and the period of proof is invariably long and trying. For a time the sage seeks solitude in the wilderness and sustains himself on locusts and wild honey. In Russia, however, there are musicians who are experimenters more daring than were Dargomijsky (in his "Stone Guest") or Moussorgsky. An undue haste to be ahead of the times is as much to be deplored as the sterility of obscurantism. All true modernism has its roots in the past. We, therefore, ask ourselves the question: Will musical Russia contribute something vital to the world's wealth, or will this enthusiasm lead to nothing? Russia is evidently at the parting of the ways, and the testing power of a great war may make itself felt in her music.

While one is conscious that this music lacks the splendid organic qualities of German, one cannot deny that it has potentialities which, if properly developed, may lead to wonderful achievements. The composers must work out their own salvation, and in their country there is endless material. Just as the East and the West meet at the great fair of Nizhni-Novgorod, so does the Russian draw his inspiration from Europe and Asia, from sights and sounds unfamiliar to Western eyes. The architecture of the buildings shows a Byzantine influence in its domes and cupolas. Within the borders

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of the Empire dwell a hundred types. There are the peasants, famous for such industries as ikon-painting and spoon-making. There are great merchants and little traders, boatmen of the Volga, and field-toilers of the steppes. There is the *intelligentsia* of the great cities and the unlettered of the provinces. With such have the literary men of Russia dealt, and, doubtless, the composers, in like manner, will pursue their course with a determination to use what lies to their hands. No one can tell to what this may lead, but we may be privileged to see a wondrous renaissance comparable to that startling increase in the love of knowledge which characterised Athens after the Persian War. We may witness the rise of a school of music which will bequeath to the world something worthy to stand beside the finest products of the Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and Teuton civilisations. For, if Russia become more liberal as a nation, she may cast off all that pertains to the barrenness of old and give birth to the man who will be to her national life what Dante and Petrarch were to Europe—the heralds of a new dawn.

This development would be full of interest for the onlooker. As the *littérateurs* have experimented with the novel and the short story, so will the composers experiment with musical forms; and as Russian music becomes older and more highly organised it will inevitably become more varied in its manifestations. There will be an ever greater diversity of subject-matter, a wider division between this writer and that. As Herbert Spencer pointed out, "all organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity"—a saying which is capable of artistic as well as of scientific application. One can, therefore, look with confidence to the future of Russian music, the more so as Russians are already so well equipped technically. As orchestral writers they are magnificent. Rimsky-Korsakoff was one of the finest masters of instrumental colour, and the irrepressible love of richness, brilliance, and ornamentation which is common to the Slavs is freely indulged. What we await is the appearance of a great musician with all the mechanical power of Glazounoff, but with a humanity of which he does not seem to be capable. Even this does not appear to be improbable. For from Russia came Tolstoi, with his strange message for the modern world, and Dostoevsky, who, Professor Vinogradoff reminds us, "defined the ideals of the Russians as the embodiment of a universally humanitarian type"—a view which is well expressed in "Crime and Punishment," where the hero, addressing a self-sacrificing woman, exclaims: "I do not bow to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person." From such a nation, with its contemplative powers and capacity for pity, much is possible, and it may yet be the mother of a singer in whose music will be found some divine fragment to be remembered through long years, as are the odes of Sappho and the lyrics of Catullus.

At the present time great interest surrounds the doings of Igor Stravinski and Alexander Scriabin, the two moderns of whom Europe at large has heard much.

It would, of course, be folly to write dogmatically about their music, for we are too near to it in point of time to see it in the true historical perspective. Stravinski became known through the Russian ballet, and he burst upon Paris and London like a ray of sunshine. The efficiency of the *corps* was apparent, the beauty of costumes and scenery universally recognised, and the artistic unity of the whole was attained by the brilliance and audacity of the music. Ballet music, like the music of the operetta, is easy or difficult to write, according to the goal which the composer sets himself. To be spirited, to be interesting, to be resourceful in a ballet score demands a special gift for which mere learning is no substitute. Stravinski has this gift in full measure. He has all the fire and imagination of the Slav, and his music shows a sense of characterisation which is uncommon in this art. Compared with "Pétrouchka" and "L'Oiseau de Feu," such a work as Adolph Adam's "Giselle" must seem to many like a faded garland. Some older ballets, Delibes' "Coppélia," for example, are melodious and charming. But Stravinski has not been content merely to write elegant music; he has put his powerful individuality into his work. Few scores of recent years have given rise to such animated discussion as that of "Le Sacre du Printemps," though it must be borne in mind that many of the judgments passed on the Russian ballet referred to the ballet *as a whole*, and not to the music only. Stravinski seems to bear the same relationship to the ballet music writers of the past generation as Bakst and Roerich do to the painters of a conventional drop-scene. It is not astonishing, however, if the music as such interests musicians—Stravinski is already being quoted in books which explain modern harmony—for, without seeking to set a final value upon his art, one may safely affirm that he is an extremely fascinating composer. Quite recently an opera, "Le Rossignol," has been performed, and it seems to open up new possibilities. One notices its brevity, and the arrangement of scenes is somewhat novel. In it Stravinski is now a clever satirist, now a decorative artist who has at his disposal all the colours of the Chinese loom.

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Messrs. J. and W. Chester, of Brighton, have opened a London branch at 54, Great Marlborough Street. Several of the leading Russian music publishers have entrusted their agencies in this country to Messrs. Chester, who, besides the sale of music, are interesting themselves in new publications.

Mr. J. Lavery, A.R.A., has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum the portrait which he painted of Auguste Rodin. He wishes the gift to be regarded as a tribute to Rodin from British Art. It is designed to reciprocate the sentiments which inspired Rodin to make his magnificent gift of sculpture to the Victoria and Albert Museum, in admiration of the heroism of French and British soldiers who are fighting at this moment side by side. It has been placed for exhibition on a screen beside the Rodin sculpture in the West Hall (48) of the Museum.

## Colour as an Influence

THE taunt has always been levelled at England that as a nation it is destitute of colour: that its climate is grey, its architecture drab, and the spirits and inclinations of its people gloomy to match its atmospheric colouring. As a matter of fact, no one is more keenly sensitive to colour than the Englishman, no one better appreciates its effect upon the spirits, and its desirability in this land of mists and heavy skies. Left to himself his tastes would run to major tones, to crude colours and hues that are barbaric. Occasionally we witness recrudescences of vivid ties and waistcoats, of socks that mock the rainbow, sufficient to convince us that it is only the influence of convention, the sad remnant of the killjoy spirit of puritanism, which keeps him in grey tweeds and his home in art serges and etchings, while his inclinations run to the purples of the moorlands or the hues of sunsets and poppyfields in summer. The garden of to-day is a refutation of his lack of feeling for colour. Here he masses all for which his soul starves in other directions. Glowing lines of colour in herbaceous borders, beds of roses in every shade of crimson and gold and orange, patches of carnations that would shame the Orient are integral parts of the modern garden, and cry to the heavens unashamed the Englishman's love of colour, before design or symmetry or any other virtue.

In winter, in such a season as the present, how grateful we are for any splash of brightness, in the country for an occasional huntsman's coat, for the berries in the hedgerows, for the dear and familiar robin: in town for the red coat of the wise woman, for the flower-stall, for the lurid sunset which often ends a day of storm. Artists and poets have laboured to teach us the charm of "pearl-grey mists" and "opalescent fogs" as they shift and swirl in the twinkling lights of London; have raved of the beauty of smoke-painted buildings and a sun wreathed in tawny vapours. But the Englishman is all for scarlet and sunshine. Nothing is more purely national than the former.

Many believe, and with reason, that the slackness in recruiting during the present crisis is largely due to the absence of colour and pageant of the old days. Scarlet and brass, the blare of the band and the brilliance of uniform had much to do with the fascination of arms to the man. Its absence and the now familiar khaki suggest cold duty, drills, drab routine and the prosaic side of war, shorn of its romance. How great an influence colour exerts is shown from the beginning of things.

The first thing an infant notices, after the face of its mother, is the blue of the sky or the colour of a flower, an interest which intensifies as its life widens. As those who are in touch with children know, colour has a distinct being to many of them, exists as a personality, with which they connect certain facts or emotions. For instance, to one child figures, and combinations of figures, suggested definite hints or schemes of colour: he learned his multiplication table and mastered his sums by the aid of some pictorial arrangement of his

own: contrary to our sense of the appropriate, he grew up, not an artist, but a keen business man; nevertheless the colour parable still pursues him. To many other children, a black mood, a red-letter or rosy day, a blue fit, or a purple passage in life are not phrases, but real conditions of mental colour.

There is an old saying that the eye makes its own beauty, which would more truly be rendered "its own colour," seeing that what we know as colour is but the effect of light on certain substances, reflected back to our brains through the spectrum of our sight. How far that individual vision varies and how little we look out on the same world as our neighbours opens out a fascinating field of speculation. It intensifies the loneliness of the human soul. Not only is it impossible to share with our nearest and best loved the inner vision that gladdens life or makes of it a thing of tragedy, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Nature, as we enjoy her, wears for them quite another aspect. But if this be a misfortune in contributing to the lack of complete understanding between man and man, it is also the source of infinite pleasure in the variety it lends to art. Picture the loss, the monotony of a world in which every painter saw the same trees a similar green, the blue of sky and sea all prussian, the mists the same tone of grey. We fly to art to give us a better interpretation of Nature than is possible to ordinary defective vision. Too often we attribute the beauty we can realise on a canvas to the result of some attainment of genius in man superior to the beauty of Nature herself. The truth is that his vision, his colour sense, is superior to ours. He can see colour, magic tones, and lines, and symmetries where for us they do not exist. We speak of Titian, or Vandyke, or Corot as sublime colourists, not meaning that they excel in the mixing and laying on of pigment to canvas, but that they have at its greatest the gift of seeing and expressing colour. And how different that is in each instance!

To all of us, artists or laymen, colour is full of suggestiveness. To each some special tint has its special significance. Of all colours scarlet possesses most character and virility, and arouses in proportion the greatest enthusiasm or dislike. To some it is as obnoxious as to the legendary bull, it offends their delicacy, their taste and feeling for decorum. To others it is as a draught of strong wine, splendid, intoxicating; it is as the ringing of joybells, as flame, as sunlight. It is of all colours the most emblematic: at once the symbol of sin and of the mercy which is its antidote: it is the language of war and of passion and of lovers' poetry. To-day it floats over every hospital where the hurts of war are being mended.

Purple is inevitably the imperial colour: it lacks the clarity of scarlet, but it gains in depth and richness. It is the colour of age and dignity, and of an honourable past. What can be more royal than the velvet of the pansy, more opulent than a stretch of heather beneath an autumn sky? Yellow and green are colours to which are attached the stigma of a dishonoured name: the first is representative of baser and animal passions, the



latter dedicated to the demon-god of jealousy, yet in their natural element both are full of virtue. Yellow is not only the colour of gold the tempter, it is the sunlight in the glowing harvest-field, in the nodding daffodils of spring, while green is the colour of rest, of soft-spreading fields and waving branches, of the sea as still and pellucid, it lies beneath the sky spent with the violence of a gale: Nature at rest and Nature fruitful are its emblems.

Blue is the colour of heaven and of purity; nothing is more radiant and innocent than the forget-me-not and the eyes of a little child.

White, the colour of the saint and the emblem of chastity, appears to some devoid of life, a neutral thing. But the colourist realises that it is the epitome of colour, the soul of the rainbow in which all hues are blended in a glowing translucence too brilliant for the naked eye to see the colours which compose it. Like metal that is heated beyond burning point, like faith that rises above mortality, the whiteness of the lily shines above all lesser colours. It is at once an emblem and a parable.

## "Nullos": the Poor Man's Chance

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

A SHORT time back I was permitted to point out in the columns of THE ACADEMY the democratic lines upon which America had evolved the rules of "Royal" auction bridge. It is true that the end in view has been obscured by a misnomer, but anyone who has mastered the new principles will appreciate the leveling-up effect of giving all suits a game-winning value. Still, the process was not thereby carried to its logical conclusion. Good cards were no longer penalised by being in an inferior suit, but no compensation was provided for a weak hand. I do not mean a Yarborough necessarily; a hand containing middle cards between the nines and the sixes, and equally distributed, is hopeless and happily rare. What I have in mind is a weak no-trumper, containing the value of an ace and two kings. A player may pick up the equivalent of such a combination throughout a whole evening and, let him be the most consummate expert at the game, he may yet be at the mercy of a novice. It was clearly not the intention of the apostles of democracy in bridge to put a premium on brainless plutocracy and shut talent out from all chance of success. And so *Nullos* was invented, an adaptation of the *misere* call of solo whist to royal auction. For some inscrutable reason the call has not "caught on" in this country; one seldom finds it played. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the sturdy British prejudice against encouraging poverty. "Hang it all!" I can hear the average British player say, "if a chap's luck is in, let him have the benefit of it; if his luck is out, let him grin and bear it like the rest of us!" There is something to be said for the argument. Nevertheless, bridge is, or should be, a game of skill, and the more the element of luck

is eliminated the better, in my humble judgment. Howbeit, as there must be many people who share my view, I propose to say a few words about the innovation.

*Nullos* is the inversion of all the other calls. The declarant states the number of tricks he is prepared to *lose*, beginning with the odd trick. Thus, "one nullos" means that the player has to lose the odd trick; "two nullos," that he must not make more than five tricks; and so on in diminishing order. A grand slam in nullos would be the losing of all thirteen tricks. There have been many changes in the scoring and precedence of nullos. At first they were given an inflated value and ranked above no trumps at eleven a trick. This arrangement was found to give a disproportionate advantage to a weak hand, and a compromise brought the value down to ten, still with the same result. The point has not even yet been definitely fixed, but popular approval, at least in this country, has settled it at eight a trick, ranking between diamonds and hearts—i.e., a nullos over-calls a diamond and is over-called by a heart. In pursuance of the inverse process, the declarant is credited with the number of tricks he loses in excess of his contract, just as his opponents score 50 above the line for each trick he is forced to win in addition to the number which would suffice to defeat the call. The gains or loss are affected in the usual way by doubling and redoubling. There are no trumps in nullos, all suits being of the same value. The honours are the aces, but they count to the side which does not possess them. Thus, if the opposing side hold three, four, or four in one hand, the declarant would score 30, 40, or 100 for honours, and *vice-versâ*. An equal division would be "easy." I have said enough to show that nullos gives a chance to the player whose luck is out. It enables him to exploit hands which, if not worthless for any other purpose, are too weak for an attacking declaration. It, moreover, can be very useful in forcing the other side up to a risky bid.

In discussing nullos with the uninitiated I have been met by the retort that no skill is required to play it. There could be no greater error. No hand is more difficult to play and, I would add, more enjoyable. Not only are the call and the honours in the inverse order, but the values as well. It is the low card that counts, and must be kept in memory. The deuce, three and four are the honours of a nullos hand; the ace, king, queen, the weakness. Not that the presence of the latter, well guarded, should be a deterrent. Indeed, one of the essential things to learn is the distinction between a good nullos hand and what, when a call was obligatory, would have been termed a defensive spade hand. A combination mainly of tens, nines, sevens and sixes, with a queen and a knave, would probably go down; whereas a hand containing, say, a king of hearts, ace of diamonds, and king of clubs, with three small cards in each, and a little spade, would make a sound nullos. A call of four or five could be safely risked, with the prospect of making more if luck was on the side of the discards. A very long suit guarded by small cards is a source of strength. A hand com-



posed only of small cards would defeat its purpose, because the number in the pack is limited, and obviously one's partner must have a proportionately stronger hand. Two high cards only, such as honours, in one suit need not debar the call, provided the three other suits are protected; but the latter qualification is as essential as in a no trump bid.

A declarant of nullos should be guided by his partner's bid in raising the call. If he is discouraged by a pass or by a higher declaration he should not continue. If, on the other hand, he is raised a stage, he can proceed on the value of his hand. The strategy both of the declarant's partner and of the opposing pair is intricate and important. As I have already reached my allotted space I must leave the subject for a further article.

## REVIEWS

### Trees and Shrubs

*Trees and Shrubs in the British Isles.* By W. J. BEAN. (John Murray. Two Vols. 42s. net.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the great development in gardening during the last few decades, it has not wholly escaped the tendency to develop the perfection of individual varieties of flowers to the neglect of the garden proper, the ideal of which is repose freed from monotony. Recently the growth of the small country house has created a problem of its own, since it has been rarely possible to complement the three desiderata of the house-builder—a south aspect, high ground, and accessibility to town—by finding a site suitably wooded. Those who have commenced to form a garden upon a bare Surrey chalk down may have more excuse than those who are at lower elevations and in more easy surroundings for being guilty of over-haste and of planting nothing but pines, pines, pines, usually not varieties of pines, but just Austrian pines. Quick growth is a double-edged tool, especially when close planting has been practised. Between ten and twenty years the growth of pines forms a background, charming but monotonous—inhabitable in the extreme to neighbouring flowers. In future years the growth of these boundary plantations will desolate the surroundings, leaving disappointment to the planters' legatees. In a great measure the lack of sources of information has been the difficulty in front of those who wished to emulate the many houses on the countryside whose well-planted gardens are the legacy of a less hasty age. Till now there has been no really accessible work available for the garden-maker. It is curious that in this age of book-making the void has been left so long unfilled. It is therefore more welcome that it should be filled by a monumental work which will make Mr. Bean's name familiar with long generations of garden-lovers. A book dealing with trees and shrubs hardly in England must necessarily be big, but so good is the

arrangement and so concise and easy is the style that one escapes the tediousness rarely absent from encyclopædic works. The freedom from technical phrasing makes the book open to all, and the author's reward will probably be a gradual improvement in the standard of planting. Now that the space of from one to five acres is usually thought to be a suitable subdivision of country property "ripe for development," we may, with the author's help, pass from the dominance of the herbaceous border, glorious as its development has been, to a greater glory of a well-planted pleasaunce. The change will not be sudden, especially as the tradition of the slow growth of trees will not die readily, a tradition due partly to the tendency to plant as large trees as possible. Large trees are costly and take long to recover from the very indifferent handling to which they are generally subjected.

By planting seedlings or, for preference in many cases, seeds, the growth of even the oak is rapid. Moreover, the babyhood of trees is as charming as the growth of animals.

About so perfect a book it may seem captious to criticise the absence of any detail, but in the next edition, of which we feel sure there must be several, we would suggest that the author includes a note to each species of its average growth per annum up to say ten or twenty years. Also a few diagrams of possible plantings would ease the mind of many gardeners who fear to plant in an arrangement of their own designing.

### Poland as It Is

*Sketches in Poland.* Written and Painted by FRANCES DELANOY LITTLE. (London: Melrose. 9s. net.)

"POIGNANTLY opportune" is the first and inevitable comment to be made on this book. Poland's tragic and pathetic story from the time she was cut up by Germany, Austria and Russia down to the hour when Germany insisted on the supercession of the Polish tongue by her own is unhappily familiar. The ruthless attempt by Germany to crush out all traces of Polish nationality is, of course, in keeping with German practice in any country brought within her Empire; Russia's record, bad as it has been, is an improvement on Germany's, and Austria's, after a bad start, has been better than either. These sketches, by an English lady who came to love Poland after a very brief experience of a charming, gracious and hospitable people, are all the more valuable and significant in that they were written before the war and are given to the world without revision in the new atmosphere which the Tsar's promise of autonomy and unity under his protection on the one hand, and the fight for Cracow and Warsaw on the other, have necessarily generated.

Poland, with all her bitter memories alike on the German, the Austrian, and the Russian sides, has unquestionably put her trust in the Emperor Nicholas II, and for the first time for a hundred and fifty years hope once more dominates her people. Given freedom, her future may rival a past which was not without glory.

whatever its qualifications, and no doubt appears all the more glorious from contemplation of recent and present wrongs. Everywhere in Cracow, in Danzig, in Warsaw evidence abounds of the breaking heart and the brooding mind tempering forced gaiety. "Cracow has an air of resignation, of waiting for something, silently, patiently waiting; or is she only silently musing on the past?" These words strike home with peculiar force just now, though they were not penned for the occasion. Cracow would find it difficult to forget her past:

From Cracow, Sobieski led the army of those splendid horsemen who by the irresistible fury of their onslaught drove back the Turk from Vienna and saved Europe. From Cracow set out that cavalcade of gentlemen whose magnificence amazed the Court of Catherine de Medici, and whose accomplishment in the ancient and modern languages shamed the French nobles; and to this capital brought back with them Henri de Valois, the king who later fled like a thief from his royal castle by the Vistula. Here people still talk with affection of the beautiful Jadwiga who, yielding to her subjects' entreaty, renounced love in order to marry and convert to Christianity the barbarous Prince of Lithuania.

To Cracow came the youthful conqueror, Charles of Sweden, and took the city: then, himself conquered by the wise and charming personality of the young envoy of the Diet, Stanislaus Sesszczynski, swore he would be his friend for ever; and in the Cathedral of Warsaw took place the coronation of King Stanislaus, at which assisted incognito the foreign invader whose impetuous affection had bestowed on him the crown.

Many a passage of the sort might be culled from these sketches, eating deep into the heart of all who know what Poland has been and have imagination enough to conceive what she might be again. Could there be a more pathetic note in any chronicle than that associated with the unveiling of the statue of Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest poet, which Russia permitted only on condition that there was neither demonstration nor eulogy uttered? A silent, sobbing crowd watched the dumb-show ceremony. Is it that where Nature "finds a race more susceptible to pain than another, she thrusts it into the most outrageous fortune?" Seven years ago Mr. Arthur Symons denounced Prussian tyranny in Poland in burning words. The existence of the Polish race, he said, "should be as precious to Europe as that of a priceless jewel. . . . What has Prussia to do with a race which it cannot understand, a race which desires only peace with freedom?" Even England, with her free Press, has apparently not always been allowed to learn the truth as to Poland. We are told that a journalist proposed to supply our "most influential newspaper" from time to time with Polish news, but this newspaper was "receiving a very handsome subsidy from Russia for printing articles in the Russian interest"—and the proposal was declined. The precise degree of importance to be attached to that everyone must judge for himself. It is a little difficult of belief if it involves the "most influential journal"—but then perhaps we shall not all be agreed as to which is the most influential British journal. Poland presents Russia with a noble opportunity to-day and a mission which should aim at

the full *amende honorable*; how noble we shall the better understand after a due study of these admirable sketches.

## A Note on Swinburne

*Swinburne: A Critical Study.* By T. EARLE WELBY.  
(Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

WHEN we consider the immense amount of criticism that has been spent on the famous poets of the 'sixties and 'seventies, and upon Swinburne in especial, it seems hopeless to expect anything fresh of value so late in the day. It is true that books are still being written on Shakespeare, and on other poets and dramatists of older times, but round them still clings a certain amount of mystery which piques all students and incites them to research. The one friend of Swinburne who could have given us a volume of new light on the poet's career and work is now gone from us, and, with all respect to Mr. Welby's enthusiasm, he does not give his readers much to think about, or much to thank him for. If all enthusiastic admirers rushed into print the publishers would be hard pressed indeed.

The reason for this book is expressed, rather ambitiously, in the closing sentence of the introduction: "To disengage and exhibit what is deepest and most universal in the work of Swinburne, to indicate how far his work is based on what in humanity is elemental and perduring, is my chief object." In the case of Mr. Welby this amounts to a record of his own preferences, mingled with some mild criticism. It says much for the author that he succeeds in interesting us while he discusses the poems, dramas, and essays of his choice; he has taken them in order in the section entitled "His Career"—seven-tenths of the book—and composed thus a quite good guide to the poet's work for those who by chance may be unfamiliar with it. The best part of the volume is the "Conclusion," where we have twenty-eight pages of better stuff, dealing with the technique, the prose, the thought and philosophy and genius of the poet. In these more leisured and contemplative pages the author appears at his best, and there are passages to which none could deny a nice critical appreciation:

The truth about Swinburne, I think, is that no poet in our language, not even Shelley, has been so completely and exclusively fitted by nature for the production of lyrical poetry. Other poets, his equals, have had to subdue much, and to ignore much, of themselves as artists; but Swinburne was poetry, and his work was not so much his achievement as his existence. This was at once his glory and his peril. There is not a blemish in his work that is not due to his exceptional aptitude for his art. Song comes so readily to him that he will sometimes sing without a subject, and even when the subject is adequate, it is sometimes passed too rapidly through the alchemical process which fits it for poetry, so that in the absence of the discipline of difficulty some of his verse is rather in the nature of magnificent performance than of creation.

That is well said, even though it is by no means new. The student of poetry who has not gone very deeply



into the work of other critics will find this book a safe starting-point for a higher reach, and should benefit by its clear method and sympathetic mood.

### Fiction

A FINE breezy yarn of love and stirring adventure is told in "Spacious Days," by Ralph Durand (John Murray, 6s.), which, if we are not much mistaken, will be eagerly read by those who chance upon it. Any Eldorado is a sure lure, and when it takes the form of a mysterious island in northern climes, with gold galore and only walruses as guardians, where is the man or boy of spirit who would not go in search of it, without having to leave his cosy fireside in this bleak weather, under Mr. Durand's enthralling guidance? In the company of Christopher Martin, who has possessed himself of the chart of this land of promise, the reader will see spacious days indeed, and share in many strange happenings both on sea and land. A stirring tale with a delightfully bracing atmosphere.

In "Dregs" (Alston Rivers, 6s.), Mrs. Victor Rickard takes her readers from Oxford to Thanadown, in Burmah, one of those delightful Far-Eastern spots which too often prove the ruin of the white man. Here Felix Lancaster encounters, for the second time, Mayng Hen, an Asiatic who in 'Varsity days he had previously known and unmercifully "ragged" with all the buoyancy of heedless youth, not wisely but too well. The memory of those unhappy days had long rankled in the sensitive and vindictive Eastern breast, and the appearance of the adventurous young Englishman in the, to him, *terra incognita* provided Mayng Hen with an opportunity for revenge hitherto denied. He takes full advantage of it, and the result must be learnt from Mrs. Rickard's exciting and deeply interesting pages, which open up a new world to the stay-at-home reader of a more temperate zone.

"Shifting Sands," by Alice Birkhead (John Lane, 6s.), is a novel of some promise, dealing more with types than incidents, and the characters the author portrays are for the most part somewhat out of the common ken. The scenes of home-life in North Devon are agreeably drawn, but though Miss Birkhead provides many deft and interesting contrasts between the personages of her story, the book would have been the better for less characterisation and more incident, as in its present form it is rather tedious reading.

A course of ten lectures on "The Beginnings of Industrial and Agricultural Capitalism in England," will be given at the London School of Economics by the Ven. Archdeacon W. Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at 8 p.m., on Fridays, beginning January 15. Syllabus:—I. Change in the character of markets; Fairs; Foreign Trade. II. Importance of the Ownership of Materials. III. Planting new industries; Aliens. IV. Farming on a large scale. V. Extractive Industries, and capital sunk in land. Fee, 12s. 6d.

### Scenery of the War Area

By F. G. AFLALO

SCENERY means many things to many men, and to some it means less than nothing, for they seem to travel across the world without retaining any more lasting impression of the spaces they traverse than Jonah in the whale's belly. This blindness to surroundings is not readily admitted, being regarded, like the lack of an ear for music, as vaguely derogatory; but Dr. Johnson felt no shame in caring not a jot for landscape.

The havoc wrought by Armageddon on such natural beauties as attract the tourist has not so far made itself felt, chiefly, no doubt, because it is against the cities built by man that the attacks on either side have been delivered with most frightful effect, and of the country staging the present critical struggle, in both East and West, it can only be said that most of it is such as hardly to tempt the traveller to look out of the train window, since it would be hard to say whether the bleak sand-dunes of the Belgian coast or the forbidding plains of the East Prussian frontier are the less alluring. The day will come, however, when the picturesque Ardennes, which have already round Dinant felt the shock of battle, must be the scene of a sanguinary retreat, and in its turn the fair Rhineland will then be subjected to the defacement of trenches and bombardment. Both districts have happy memories for the Continental tourist, who will watch with regret the demolition of many a beautiful landmark in obedience to the inexorable necessity of war. For myself, I never surrendered wholly to the spell of either. The Ardennes, from Dinant to Bouillon, and beyond, through which I fished one peaceful June, filled me with melancholy, a mood encouraged by the woeful food at even the best hotels, and the Rhine, down which I remember voyaging from Mayence to Cologne, was irremediably spoilt for the fastidious taste by the personality of those who keep their watch on it.

But the effect of scenery is elusive. It depends, as Emerson said; on the beholder rather than on the scene itself. The Highlands were horrible to Gray only because he was a melancholy individual; and only a profligate like the Cardinal de Retz would have likened the glorious harbour of Port Mahon to the scenery of the Paris Opera House. Seeing that Lully must have been contented with very crude properties for his productions, the island haven in the Mediterranean can have made little impression on the churchman who had hurriedly left the capital in disgrace; but, curiously enough, we find the same highly artificial appreciation in so robust a sportsman and traveller as the famous Colonel Hawker, who wrote in his diary that the first glimpse of Ullswater gave him the same sensation as hearing Mozart's music, seeing Shakespeare's tragedies, or hearing Braham sing!

It is in recalling memories of the world-wide war area, from Ostend to Tiflis and the Caucasus, that I am sensible of the part played by passing moods in

the traveller's estimate of scenery. Here and there, no doubt, the shifting scene is so utterly barren of beauty that no ulterior influence could endow it with picturesque memories. A gambler might have broken the bank at the Ostend casino a score of times without finding that unpretentious foreshore worth an artist's second glance, and no mood of elation could lend beauty to the gaudy thoroughfares of Port Said. Yet I know not whether those gloomy glades beside the sluggish streams of the Ardennes might not have seemed lovelier had the streams themselves provided better trout; while the glorious reach of the noble Rhine above and below Ehrenbreitstein would surely have challenged a more spontaneous homage could I but have bent the knee in less distracting company than that of Hamburg drummers clinking their ever-empty Seidels for fresh supplies of Helles or Echt-Münchener. The airy gaiety of those who spend their Sundays out at Versailles and St. Cloud is a fairy revel compared with the beery Bacchanalia of a tourist steamboat on the Rhine. I regretted bitterly that it was not once again a French river. I regretted even the vulgar Kickleburys, whose suburban ghosts haunt the hackneyed stretches of that stream. And regrets so poignant robbed the towering banks of half their majesty and the crumbling castles of all their romance.

There is, of course, an element of scenery in cities, not only in those which, like Constantinople or Naples, owe their beauty to immediate surroundings, but in others which, like Moscow or New Orleans, the first with its Kremlin, the second with its cemetery, illustrate the triumph of human art over an arid or otherwise depressing environment. Those with no heart for God's scenery are, as a rule, readily appreciative of that made by man, and they already have enough cause to mourn the work of the present war, which has destroyed many of the fondest landmarks in the memories of those who would sooner worship the spires of Louvain than the Matterhorn, or who would sooner walk up the Avenue Louise in Brussels than through the Yosemite Valley. They would rather see the Rhone filled in or harnessed with power stations than a single gargoyle knocked off Notre Dame, and for them the dogs of war, barking at the gates of some of Europe's most ancient cities, make funereal music.

On the whole, however, the lover of scenery may fairly congratulate himself that the best of it lies outside the war area. True, the homely cornfields of the Black Forest, with its pleasant streams and plantations of Christmas trees, may yet be ravaged if the enemy is not first brought to his senses, and the haunting beauty of the Bosphorus may be marred just in the spring-time, when its shores, ablaze with wild flowers, suggest a drapery of Turkey carpets. But Switzerland, at any rate, with its splendid mountains mirrored in fairy lakes, with the slopes behind Montreux flooded with narcissus, and the Rhone flowing green under the arches of Geneva, is safe from destruction; and so also are the majestic mountains of Granada and the restful fjords of Norway. The shadowy menace to that other

great tourist river, which flows to the Mediterranean from the heart of Africa, is but an empty threat of an enemy bankrupt in all but foolishness; and it is almost as certain that the incomparable Canadian lakes, beside which I have often camped in a stillness that is terrifying, will equally escape the wrath of war vaguely promised by those whose word, for good or evil, has not always proved any better than their bond.

## The Theatre

### Christmas Nights Entertainments

**H**OWEVER sad at heart the older people may feel, the sentiment of the period has suggested that the usual holiday fun shall not be lacking for the youngest generation. All the welcome old entertainments, such as "Peter Pan," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Raffles," "Alice in Wonderland," and Mrs. Percy Dearmer's original and delightful "Cockyolly Bird" are again produced by admirable companies; also, there are at least a dozen new pantomimes and plays. This is, we hope, beneficial to the members of the profession of the stage, as well as to the young playgoer; personally, we feel that if, in the days of youth, the stringency and bitterness of war had been brought home to our consciousness, we should, as a nation, have been better able to anticipate the circumstances which, among more important things, make the management of the theatre rather a difficult affair.

#### "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED."

The charm of *Boxing Night* at Drury Lane has been known to generations, and even in this time of war Mr. Arthur Collins was able to make one more 26th of December brilliant with his fine stage effects, gloriously funny with the queer humour of his comedians, and lively with a hundred songs and airs. This is the third year that *Beauty* has been awakened at the Theatre Royal, and although Miss Ferne Rogers then took the part of the Princess Marcella, and Mr. Bertram Wallis is a new Auriol, all goes as neatly as of old, and mirth and sentiment, gay display and light satire still form a delightful entertainment. Naturally, serious passages find place here and there, and a few restrained jokes on the lighter side of warfare are allowed to pass by in genial laughter.

To tell of the fact that Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans still play their leading parts is another way of saying that the audience is heartily amused whenever they are on the stage. But it is Mr. Stanley Lupino as Finnykin the Foundling who particularly delights us; he possesses a remote and wayward style that is at once curious and funny. He is the life and soul of many a gay scene, and, on the first night, shared most of the honours with Miss Renée Mayer, as charming as ever in the character of the sophisticated Puck who has no small hand in the plot. It is hardly



necessary to mention many names in the famous Christmas productions at Drury Lane, where every point has been so carefully considered and every detail of the beautiful scenes rehearsed again and again, but one should call attention to Miss Buckland, who now plays the Beauty. It is enough to say that the fairy-tale as prepared by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Collins is even better worth seeing than hitherto, and will prove even more welcome than the many Sleeping Beauties which have preceded it.

#### "ODDS AND ENDS."

This does not happen to be especially advertised as a revue, but it has become the most delightful and humorous entertainment of that class which has been seen in London. Mr. Cochran tells us at once that "no economy" has been spared in the mounting of the gay, satiric, sometimes bitter, sometimes stirring and pathetic scenes. Yet pure beauty has been achieved by the dances and posing of many of the actors, such as Miss Lily Bruce and the Grecian Maids and Mr. J. W. Jackson's company of accomplished ladies generally. The occasion on which we happened to see it was not graced by that charming favourite of Mr. Faraday's productions, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, but so gifted and jolly are the people at the Ambassadors Theatre that one does not miss even that attractive personality. It would be impossible to tell all the fun that we are shown during the seventeen scenes; it is enough that Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mdlle. Delysia, Mr. Jules Raucourt, Miss

Millie Sim, Monsieur Morton, Miss Evelyn Rosel, and Mme. Hanako give us of their best with both hands and all the time. The last-named Japanese lady begins the evening with a light and skilful little comedy, "Otake," in which she appears as a maid who, by wearing her mistress's clothes, almost brings about a tragedy for that lady's lover. Like most plays in languages which we partly or entirely fail to understand, the action appears to be of the most exciting and interesting order, and the acting brilliant and straightforward. The Japanese artiste appears again later as the most amusing of all Lady Isabels in a burlesque of "East Lynne," played by the "Allied" company—Belgian, French and English. Members of all nations now gathered in London can forget something of the realities of life for an hour or two in the gaiety and charm of "Odds and Ends" as Mr. Harry Grattan has written it and Mr. Edward Jones has made it musical.

#### "THE NEW CLOWN."

If you happen to have the illusion that it is a good many years since you saw Mr. H. M. Paull's amusing comedy first produced at Terry's Theatre, you must go to the New Theatre and get your sense of proportion put right. You will find Miss Nina Boucicault and Mr. James Welch just the same age as they were when the play was first seen, perhaps just a little younger, for they seem to have gained in lightness of spirit and delicacy of touch, and these are the qualities most needed to give Mr. Paull's engaging piece of work its



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best chance with the audience. The curious humour which arises so naturally from the circumstance of that cultured amateur of the arts, Lord Cyril Garston, finding that he has to appear in a circus as the rough and merry Tom Baker, requires an artist to carry it to a successful issue. We know of no one so accomplished in this direction as Mr. James Welch. The sympathetic and beautiful lady once of the same circus, now of the Palace, is but slightly sketched in, but with the subtle aid of Miss Nina Boucicault's Irish accent, her gift of half-hidden pathos, and her brilliant smile, Molly O'Farrell becomes a very real and attractive personality. With these two players, undoubtedly among the cleverest actors on our stage, it would be strange if "The New Clown" did not run its course in the happiest possible fashion. Among all the various Christmas entertainments, we can imagine none other that will so fully delight both those who have the good fortune to be children and those who are quite different sort of people. "The New Clown" is now given every afternoon, except that of Monday, we trust for many, many weeks.

EGAN MEW.

## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange has opened at last, and on Monday morning the members sang "God Save the King." Nearly a thousand bargains were done on the first day, and the general feeling is that the Committee will have to alter some of the rules, and that quickly. The members are willing to put themselves to some inconvenience in war time, but they look upon certain of the rules as completely unworkable. Personally, I think that the whole Stock Exchange will have to be entirely reorganised. You cannot break up an intricate machine and put it together again without a great deal of trouble and without making many mistakes. The organism was the result of half a century of growth, and when the Government and the banks stopped it they did not understand what they were doing. It was like stabbing a man in the heart: cases have been known where the man has lived, but they are rare. Whether the Stock Exchange will survive its heart-thrust is somewhat doubtful. Some of the members think that it will not, and I hear on all sides threats to leave the House and establish outside brokerage institutions. Perhaps some of these are mere threats and do not mean much, but they show how disgusted everyone is with the meddling and muddling of the Treasury. One broker said to me that you could hardly expect a couple of lawyers like Lord Reading and Lloyd George to know much about business. Certainly lawyers are the worst men of business in the world.

I do not take a very pessimistic view. I think that the

members are unnecessarily anxious. Of course, a good many are insolvent, and an insolvent man usually has nerves that jump. The rule against aliens has been applied to all foreign members, whether they are German, French, Italian or Greek. This seems hardly fair, but no doubt the Committee will see their way to admit certain well-known patriots even if they be Greek or Italian.

The plain truth about the Stock Exchange and its new regulations is, in my opinion, to be found in the vast hoards of stock that lie in the boxes of the finance houses. These people are determined to sell at the best possible price, and they have fixed the prices at values at which they are prepared to sell. If the finance houses decide to get out surely it would be very unwise for the public to want to get in.

It is calculated that the cost of the war is about eight millions sterling per day. Clearly this cannot go on. Even poor Holland, not in any way involved, is compelled to make a loan of twenty-four millions at five per cent., and to intimate that those people who do not subscribe will be forced, and that if they are forced the rate of interest will be reduced to four per cent. As everyone in Holland has to give an exact statement of what he possesses, it would be very easy for the authorities to make a forced loan, for they would know to a guilder exactly how much each person could afford to pay up. I am assured that the bulk of the population in Holland is very anti-German, but that the officers in the army and the Court officials take the other view.

There was a certain number of markings in both Consols and the New War Loan when the House opened, but I do not think that the public are at all inclined to buy Consols at the fixed price, although they are picking up the War Loan in small lots.

The cheapest purchase in the Foreign market is Egyptian Unified. Now that Great Britain has declared a protectorate this stock is practically an Imperial security. The position of Egypt is fairly secure. There is no chance of any invasion, and although the cotton crop will be sold at an unprofitable rate—indeed much of it will not be sold at all—the fellaheen are not unprosperous. They are peaceable people, quite satisfied with British rule, and the danger of any rising is small.

A few bargains have been done in Midland Deferred—mainly the result of "bears" buying back. There has been very little purchasing by the outside public. The stock seems fully valued, but I think that Great Western and London and North-Western are reasonably cheap.

If the Argentine Republic has some good crops then the position of the Argentine railways will wonderfully improve. They are all cutting down expenses, and as they have spent huge sums during the past five or six years they can do this without injuring their position. Holders of Argentine Railways should certainly hang on.

The Rubber market keeps steady. Mincing Lane dealers have decided to work under the same rules of procedure as the London Stock Exchange. The Treasury communicated these rules to Mincing Lane, but I do not gather that it can enforce them. If rubber remains at 2s. a pound, and I see no reason why it should not, most of the leading companies will be able to maintain their dividends. All companies whose yield at to-day's prices gives over 10 per cent. should be kept, but anything giving under that figure should be sold.

The Shell announcement that the company had done quite as well during the past year as it did in the previous year suggests that the dividend will not be reduced. Nevertheless I think that all oil shares should be sold. Neither Spies nor North Caucasian can export their oil, and they must rely upon the Russian market. This means that oil



must fall in price. Mexican Eagle have done well, but this company is a little outside the disturbed area. In California the oil business is as bad as it can be, and I am afraid Kern River will have had a bad year.

The Mount Morgan report is reasonably good, and as long as copper remains at its present price shareholders may rely upon a 2s. dividend. If the Government, however, continues to take all copper consigned to neutral ports Yankees are certain to put up the price against us. The British ratepayer may find himself a "bull" of twenty thousand tons of copper before the year is out.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### IS "ITS" A PRONOUN?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In his very able criticism in connection with the Dean of Canterbury's essays on the "Queen's English," Mr. Washington Moon says (p. 36): "You make the assertion that the *possessive pronoun 'its'* never occurs in the English Version of the Bible. It is to be regretted that you have spoken so positively on the subject, etc. Look at Leviticus xxv. 5: 'That which groweth of *its* own accord,' and you will see that *its*, the possessive of *it*, does occur in the English Version of the Bible."

With due deference to the memory of the eminent critic, I beg to say that *its*, in the sentence quoted by Mr. Moon, is a mere *possessive adjective*. In fact, *its* as *possessive pronoun* (or *demonstrative pronoun*, as some grammarians call it) is never used in the English language.\*

Dr. Morris's following declension of the *neuter pronoun* (in the singular) proves it:—

	Modern English.	Middle English.	Old English.	Early English.
Nominative ...	it	hit (it)	hit (it)	hit
Genitive ...	wanting	his (hit)	his	his
Dative ...	it	him (hit, it)	him	him
Accusative ...	it	hit (it)	hit	hit

It might be urged that Carlyle has used *its* as a pronoun in the following sentence:—

"The valet-world has to be governed by the sham-hero: it is *his*, he is *its*." (Le monde des valets doit obéir au faux héros: le monde est à lui—il est au monde.) But I am almost certain that even Carlyle's greatest admirers would hesitate before ratifying the expression "*he is its*."

Now let us make an appeal to the French language.

#### POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

(m) His	m.	f.	m.p.	f.p.
(f) Hers	le sien, la sienne, les siens, les siennes.			

#### POSSESSIVE ADJECTIVES.

His book, *his* pen, *his* exercise-books are lost.

Her book, *her* pen, *her* exercise-books are lost.

Son livre, *sa* plume, *ses* cahiers sont perdus.

And, speaking of a bird—

*Its* beak is yellow—*son* bec est jaune.

*Its* head is black—*sa* tête est noire.

*Its* feathers are pretty—*ses* plumes sont jolies;

(or) *son* plumage est joli.

There is, however, a case where *its* translates the French *pronoun en* and the article; it is when the name of the possessor is not in the same clause as that of the object possessed.

#### EXAMPLE:—

J'habite la campagne; j'en | I live in the country; I admire *les* beautés. | admire *its* beauty.

\* It is useless for me to say that in the sentence "*Its* never occurs in the Bible," *its* is not a pronoun, but a noun.—A. B.

I submit that, even in that sentence, *en* and *les* are but the equivalents of the possessive adjective *ses*.

#### EXAMPLE:—

"Paris a *ses* maisons très hautes" is an expression that has the same meaning as:

(Paris est une ville magnifique), *les* maisons *en* sont très hautes.

The very remark made by Nesfield regarding *each*, *some*, *other*, *any*, placed before nouns (Nesfield's Man. of E. Gram. and Comp., p. 31), might be applied to *its*. It is, in fact, difficult to see how any adjective can be correctly called a pronoun. A pronoun is a *substitute* word—a word used *for* another word. But *its* is simply a *defining* word. It is not a *substitute* word. There is no other word for which *its* is used as *substitute*, and therefore *its* is not a pronoun.

Taking the above into consideration, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that the discussion between Dean Alford and Mr. Moon, about a pronoun that never existed, was futile.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

### "A PRUSSIAN LULLABY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue for October 31, you printed a delightful poem by Mr. A. Gowans Whyte, entitled "A Prussian Lullaby." It may interest the author and you to know that this delicate piece of irony is being learnt as a Christmas holiday-task by hundreds of students of English in the schools of Paris. I sent copies to several of my friends, who appreciated its sentiments and found them appreciated also by the young students under their instruction. One of the best English scholars in Paris—M. Georges Jamin, of the Ecole Lavoisier—has translated the little poem as follows:—

#### BERCEUSE PRUSSIENNE.

Fais dodo, mon enfant, à l'œil tout alangui;  
Fais dodo, mon enfant, dont le soleil caresse  
Le beau front radieux, fais dodo, mon chéri,  
Cependant que ton père aux faibles en détresse,  
A l'enfant éperdu qui ne se défend pas,  
Aux mères, à l'épouse comme moi,  
A d'innocents bébés tout comme toi.

Tranquille tu t'endors, pendant que le sang coule,  
Et, tandis que tu dors, il accomplit son vœu:  
Papa nous a juré de massacrer en foule,  
Sans que son bras fléchisse, et quelque soit leur Dieu,  
Etouffant en son cœur tout sentiment humain  
Les vieillards impotents rencontrés en chemin,  
Les mères, les épouses comme moi  
Les innocents bébés tout comme toi.

En rêve tu souris, ô mon petit mignon,  
Dans tes rêves tu vois papa, soldat farouche,  
Qui dans les airs brandit un horrible moignon,  
Témoin de son bravoure, et, l'injure à la bouche,  
Jette au milieu du feu la sœur de l'enfant mort,  
Cependant que la flamme au ciel monte et se tord.  
Tout autour de foyers comme le tien,  
Tout autour de bébés comme le mien.

Yours faithfully,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

Kensington Coaching College, S.W.,  
December 29, 1914.

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